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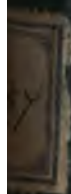
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AND  
ON.



# A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND





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IN  
LORD CANNING'S TIME.

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THE HOLY LAND, SYRIA AND  
CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

EUSTACE MEREDYTH MARTIN.

A SEQUEL TO "A TOUR THROUGH INDIA IN LORD  
CANNING'S TIME."

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"In those holy fields over whose acres walked those blessed  
feet which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed for our  
advantage on the bitter cross."

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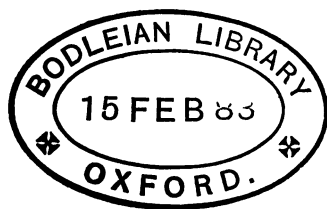
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## DEDICATION.

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MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—Having described to you, in a former volume, my tour through India, I now, in this volume, describe my visit to the Holy Land, Syria, and other parts of the Turkish Empire. I dedicate it to you, and hope, with a more ripened experience, you will all adopt my view of Christianity, as revealed in the Book of God and confirmed by the world's progress since its principles have been taught.

EUSTACE MEREDYTH MARTIN.

17, Clanricarde Gardens,  
Hyde Park, London.

October, 1882.





## ERRATA.

Page 2, line 13, instead of mountains, read *montumenta*.

|                |                                                                                       |
|----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| „ 21, „ 6, „   | patitus „ patitur.                                                                    |
| „ 106, „ 1, „  | well-formed „ well-found.                                                             |
| „ 134, „ 15, „ | bears „ bear.                                                                         |
| „ 145, „ 2, „  | excepting by an <i>read</i> excepting an.                                             |
| „ 152, „ 14, „ | were men, and heathen men. Visit, &c.<br>read mere men, and heathen men<br>visit, &c. |
| „ 161, „ 15, „ | <i>visinertie</i> read <i>vis inertie</i> .                                           |
| „ 175, „ 18, „ | umbra „ umbrae.                                                                       |

the former is now merely an historical reproach, and the most critical intelligence, formerly opposed to Christianity, is now (with rare exception) its vanquished, but steadfast friend.



## PREFACE.

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Page 2, line 13, instead of mountains, *read* monuments.

|                |                                                                                              |
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| „ 21, „ 6, „   | patitus „ patitur.                                                                           |
| „ 106, „ 1, „  | well-formed „ well-found.                                                                    |
| „ 134, „ 15, „ | bears „ bear.                                                                                |
| „ 145, „ 2, „  | excepting by an <i>read</i> excepting an.                                                    |
| „ 152, „ 14, „ | were men, and heathen men. Visit, &c.<br><i>read</i> mere men, and heathen men<br>visit, &c. |
| „ 161, „ 15, „ | <i>visinertia</i> <i>read vis inertia</i> .                                                  |
| „ 175, „ 18, „ | umbra „ umbræ.                                                                               |

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## PREFACE.

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What a rebuke to sceptical intolerance is the conquest which Christianity has achieved. Nearly 1,900 years ago the question was asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" but the answer which was then rendered, now applies with a thousand-fold force. The despised Nazarene is now the moral Conqueror of the world, and the acknowledged Founder of all that is implied in the word civilization. Against the Book, in which he is the most prominent figure, violence in past centuries, and scepticism in a more recent age, have been directed with unsparing force; but the former is now merely an historical reproach, and the most critical intelligence, formerly opposed to Christianity, is now (with rare exception) its vanquished, but steadfast friend.



# A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND, SYRIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE land of Israel has appropriately been called the Holy Land, for although every land received a sanctity from the fiat of its creation, yet almost all the events which reveal the reciprocal relation of God and human beings occurred in that land, and have justly given to it its sacred name. The Bible will ever secure to it the most hallowed associations, not only to every mind that accepts its history and doctrine, but also to every mind that rejoices in human progress, and who must admit the Bible to be the uncompromising friend of

all human rights. Geographically placed, so as to be almost a centre, no other province for moral purposes, afforded so good a position. The kingdoms of this world needed reform "Usque ad cælum," and the mandates of Heaven could radiate from thence to the limits of empire. Before I sailed for the Holy Land I parted at Cairo with all my fellow-passengers from India, who proceeded onwards for home, I remained there a few days to see all to be seen, especially the colossal mountains in the desert. A trip to the Pyramids is easily achieved. It is just enough enterprise for one day, no preparation being required except a couple of the fleet donkeys which abound in Cairo, a dragoman, and some money for the poor, but active Arabs.



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Immediately after my fellow-travellers left I started with a dragoman for the Pyramids. The Nile was the first point, which we crossed in a flat-bottomed boat, and soon entered upon a path which, through scattered hamlets and prettily planted fields, led to the desert. On my way I met a large crowd of poor women who made the air ring with their sorrow ; it was the day for the conscription, and each feared the loss of a husband or son. Returning to Cairo I met again the same crowd of mourners, but their sorrow had vanished, and was replaced by the greatest glee.

In knots they were laughing away, or consoling, as it appeared to me, the few sad hearts upon whom the draft had fallen. In about an hour and a half we arrived at the

Pyramids, and there were greeted by the sons of the desert. There is much in the Arab race that I like, indeed all the wild people among whom I have been never gave me occasion to speak or write of them except in language of gratitude. Travelers complain too much of their asking for backsheesh, but it should be remembered that they are very poor, and that they cheerfully undergo any amount of fatigue or personal risk when acting as guides.

As soon as we reached the Pyramids, my dragoman, considering himself entitled to repose, quietly remained at the base of Cheops while I ascended with three or four Arabs. To those nimble guides the ascent is only a recreation, and although some degree of effort is required, I believe I went up with as much gaiety as any of them.

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The wind blew strongly from the desert and occasionally clouds of sand obscured us all, but which, during each lull, made the view more grand. When standing on the summit, the thoughts which your pedestal and all around inspire must be always awakening and instructive. In mind you wander through ages of history, and review the vicissitudes of Egypt and Israel. It is well that the Pyramids remain, for although of plain unornate stone, they attest the rule of other days ; the stern rigour under which they were built ; a whole people must have been put in motion to blast, or cut, remove, and erect them, for such a mass of blocks in ordinary travel have no analogies, and it is difficult to believe the almost superhuman exertion which they evidence.

Having greatly enjoyed the desert I de-

scended and visited all the chambers in the interior. The visit well repays the trouble, and no visitor should ever neglect to enter and see the tomb in which the Pharaohs were buried. From Cheops we passed on to the Sphinx which has become as well known to every mind at home as it is to the people at Cairo. The remains of a temple near it we also visited, and then returned to Shepherd's Hotel (where the traveller is provided with every requisite comfort), and as the mail had passed on I had no object except the city to engage my attention. The *table d'hôte* was confined to three or four people, but we were very merry and chatted away with the usual *post-prandial* freedom.

My next day in Cairo was Sunday, April 28th. Before breakfast I visited the citadel,

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from which the Nile, the desert, with the Pyramids are seen. It is a most charming site, and so thought Mahomet Ali, who, to a simple dwelling on its plateau, often retired from the heart aches which every autocratic ruler must have. Beside the view, its chief ornament is the garden which encircles it, and there the powerful Pacha often (I understand) amused his careworn mind. I visited all the other buildings and then returned to my hotel. In passing through the streets you hear on every side a word which sounds like Regler, it means, "Take care of your feet or toes," for the donkeys upon which every person (who has a little money) rides, have no respect for those members, but dash on through the crowd, and make many a foot smart that disregards the warning.

After breakfast I joined the Church of England congregation, and in the afternoon that of an American missionary. In the interval between the services I visited the chief Coptic church ; the ministry connected with which received me and some other visitors with the usual courtesy. The symbols of hospitality, pipes and coffee, were produced, and through a dragoman we freely conversed upon various subjects.

The Coptic is a very ancient, professing Christian Church, and has still many of those inextinguishable truths which I trust will yet confer upon Egypt a higher national life.

Before sunset I sauntered into a public garden and saw many of the Cairo people in family groups enjoying its simple joys. A Jewish family kindly invited me to par-

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take of their good cheer, which I did. In a strange land an unexpected kindness strongly strikes the heart ; the Jewish people were enjoined to be kind to the stranger, and remember that they were once strangers in Egypt, although again wanderers ; this kindly virtue shone in the family I met.

The evening of the 29th I went by train to Alexandria, having visited the bazaars and the tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes, which are among the most prominent historical objects. Late at night I arrived at Alexandria, which, in appearance and commercial bustle, was quite European. Some of the streets preserved their ancient Asiatic or African type, but the irresistible tide of progress was effecting a great change.

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Cleopatra's Needle, which now links London with the most remote civilization, and Pompey's pillar I saw, and I made a tour of the whole city. The Khedive has a great work before him ; the reform of abuses, the education of the people, liberal and enlightened laws, and the infusion of a just and patriotic spirit into all the public departments. He has now, however, wisely availed himself of the political and financial experience of England to superintend and assist in effecting these objects. The steam engine which now traverses nearly the whole land must effect an immense change in the ideas and mind of the people. In the East where mind has been stagnant for ages wherever European movement has not been, the steam engine will facilitate progress of every kind. As

a plough prepares the soil, so the engine uproots and cuts through customs and habits, removing many obstacles to the advance of a nation. In Egypt the river has been always the mighty agent of beneficence.

As it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze, scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

Now the Nile is not the only source of well-being, for all the improvements of modern days and the ship canal must largely profit the people, as well as open fresh fields of enterprise for the world. But the great want in Egypt, as well as through the whole Turkish Empire, is education. The whole people require to be educated, and the sultans and their viceroys must now know and feel that they must awaken their people from their trance and fit them

for their proper place in the march of kingdoms. The comity of kingdoms requires this progress ; also it is with rulers and their people as with parents and their children, if the latter be neglected, the former are sure to suffer. Turkey, however, to its honour, must be ranked as very advanced in two matters, which have been in some cases the last concession made by even the most civilized kingdoms. Its Government is favourable to free trade, and toleration in religion, both of which are opposed to a nation's isolation, and both favour a nation's growth. In those two respects the sultans and their Egyptian viceroys have for many years been almost an example to more civilized Christian lands.

Both have had much to contend against

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in the uneducated bigotry that opposed their tolerant spirit, but both rulers have affirmed the fact that to the limits of their rule, religion shall be free. The Bible is with them a free book, and allowed, so far as their power is concerned, to have among their subjects a free course.

Illustrative of the above remark when I was last in Egypt I heard of two very kindly things having been done by the Pacha. He gave to every minister of every Christian denomination a free pass on the railway between Alexandria and Suez, and he also fitted up as a Protestant chapel a ship in the harbour of Alexandria, and presented it to the Protestant Church there. In Egypt and through the whole Turkish Empire there is the dawn of brighter days, although a long time must elapse before

the people will heartily respond to their rulers and help them in popularizing the needed reforms. Ignorance must be conquered, the people educated, and then their own volition will no longer fight against, but hail the light of better things.

I visited the catacombs which had been a shelter to the early Christian Church in Alexandria, also a palace of the Pacha where the gardener presented me with a bouquet.

The first of May an Austrian boat was to sail for Constantinople, touching, among other places, at Joppa. Joppa is the port nearest to Jerusalem, and upon that account usually selected by tourists from the south, but besides that, its own associations must ever render it a point of the highest interest. There St. Peter first learned the comprehensive character of

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Christianity, and among Jews or Gentiles, no portrait is more beautiful than that of the generous Roman soldier, Cornelius. Good works also received there the marked approbation of God in the raising of Tabitha or Dorcas from the dead. I was sorry that I could not loiter longer in Egypt, a land in which the first seed of civilization was sown, and which has been so much blended with the issues which most affect the whole human race. I would have been glad also to have prepared myself for Palestine and Syria with a few Turkish and Arabic words, but although I knew not a word of either language, and thought that I should have to pioneer as I best could, I decided upon starting and have the pleasure which difficulties and enterprise create.

entered the house where he lodged. He warmly extended to us the hospitality of his dwelling, which I understood was to be greatly enriched the following week by the addition of a wife ; we passed about three hours at Ramleh and then proceeded on our journey. It is to be expected that the Bible must excite some hostility in this world as well as kindle different degrees of sympathy ; but it is impossible for any person among the latter to pass through the Holy Land without feeling the power of the great book. In every ordinary kingdom, history happily revives what it records, but in the Bible land there is a force felt—*siste viator*—which asserts in the midst of its desolation and fall, an imperishable power.

Among the characters in Scripture the

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character of Joseph of Arimathæa still maintains an unfailing beauty.

He would not join in the cowardly deed of those who crucified our Lord, and his recorded interview with Pilate stamps him with immortal honour. He “boldly claimed the body of Jesus.” As in the outlying towns or villages of Italy some tableau of much merit attracts the traveller, so in Arimathæa, the traveller feels his visit rewarded by the association of its early days—the birth-place of a brave and just man, whom God has canonized in the Bible. To the left of Arimathæa, apparently two or three miles distant is Lydda, where Æneas was cured of the palsy by St. Peter.

Across the plain of Sharon for about an hour more the path led, and then we en-

tered the mountain country, through which a very rough, unequal track wound its way to Jerusalem. In every part of the Turkish empire that I have been in, the most obvious and universal material want is that of roads; it may be truly said, that to see one is a phenomenon, and the wonder increases, how commerce could have trickled to its furthest points, and how its various provinces have been kept together.

As we were leaving Arimathæa, the moon shone out and greatly aided us in getting along one of the roughest of rough paths. When we entered the mountains we were joined by a couple of other travellers, natives, who were also going to Jerusalem. I remember that with other animals there was with them a little Egyptian donkey that pushed on leading the way, and never stray-



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ing for one moment from the sometimes imperceptible path. The donkey in the East is wonderfully endowed with the organ of locality. It is as true as the carrier pigeon, and once started upon the line of direction, the only trouble the owner need take is to feed him. It trips along at a nimble pace, and you sometimes meet a long train of camels, mules, and horses, led by this little animal, whom they follow with a most respectful reliance. In this world contrast is often regarded as an element in happiness, and certainly in some parts of the East the donkey and the camel afford a striking illustration how much union with it there may be. I have seen them harnessed together side by side, yet both evincing a mutual regard in working together in rural employment.

Between two and three hours from the

time we left Ramleh, the first beautiful streak of an Eastern morning appeared, spread upon the mountains, and our ride as the country became more visible, presented many scenes of lonely beauty. The Holy Land is about one hundred and sixty miles in length, and varies from about fifty to eighty miles in breadth. It is very hilly, and all its hills capable of cultivation to their top. It would be difficult to say what the area of the whole land would be if all the hills were rolled out, but a vastly larger number of people could be sustained than the dimensions I have stated could sustain. The natural terraces into which the mountains are subdivided will, I hope, again rejoice with the olive and the vine ; and I may remark that I have drank some very good wine made in Judæa.

## CHAPTER III.

ABOUT midday May 4th, 1861, I entered Jerusalem at the Joppa gate. The city first bursts upon the view at a point of the track about two or three miles distant. It is "set on a hill" and "cannot be hid," and the traveller must in a greater or less degree share in the enthusiasm which has been ascribed to some of the Crusaders when they first gazed upon it. It has been enthroned on high, and has been and is prostrate in the dust; no other city has ever been so eminent in its elevation, so abased in its overthrow, or has preserved in Eastern phrase so undiminished a shadow when the substance had gone.

In every part of this world the Jews

treasure the tradition of their city's former influence and splendour, and there is a hereditary undiminished hope in their whole race, that it will resume its former eminence, and be to their scattered family the centre where they shall all unite.

No more shall discord haunt their ways,  
Nor ruin waste their cheerless nation,  
But they shall call their portals praise,  
And they shall name their walls salvation.

The sun no more shall make them bright ;  
No moon shall lend their lustre to them,  
But God Himself shall be their light,  
And flash eternal glory through them.

The sun shall nevermore go down,  
A ray from heaven itself descended  
Shall light their everlasting crown,  
Their days of mourning shall thus be ended.

All round Jerusalem they are beginning to cultivate the land ; houses are rising up, and altogether there is a look of movement. The late benevolent Sir Moses Montefiore had built a number of small

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houses like the comfortable English almshouses for poor Jews, and the late Emperor of Russia, Nicholas, was covering a large space of ground with buildings for Russian pilgrims.

France is strongly represented within the city, also Austria and other Roman Catholic nations, and Germany and England have a joint interest in the Protestant See and its mission. The great duty of every nation there, is to avoid quarrelling, of which there is much danger, and to foster and practise an unselfish spirit of Christianity. It is an offering in which they all can unite, and without it the mission will sink into disrepute.

Mr. Valentiner had during the whole night's journey conversed with me upon Eastern questions. Then, and upon all

subsequent occasions, I enjoyed his conversation which sprang from a talented, well-read mind, and a heart both large and warm.

As the day I arrived at Jerusalem was the festival of the Greek Easter, and I was most anxious to be present, Mr. Valentiner (in order to save time and enable me to have some breakfast or dinner, and change my dusty garments), insisted upon my going to the Prussian Hospice, which is a house founded by the late King of Prussia, where visitors from Germany can get a clean lodging and incur but very moderate expense. I have always thought that there was much that is catholic and kind in the heart of the late King of Prussia, and I must remark that the first kindness I received at Jerusalem was at his hospice. I



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had to dine and dress rapidly in order to be in time at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but during those few passing moments I was introduced to two Danish and one Prussian gentlemen, all of whom travelled with me as far as Zidon, when I subsequently travelled through the Holy Land and Syria.

The Greek Church and the Church of Rome assert an equal claim to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and their convents adjoin it at opposite sides. I was received by the Church of Rome, having been introduced to one of its clergymen by my guide, I was conducted to the upper cloisters—what is sometimes called in English cathedrals, the Friars' Walk—and from whence there is a complete view of the interior.

The Greek side, as well as the Roman

was densely crowded, and I am indebted to some French officers, who in a most courteous manner shared with me their view and the space they occupied.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is supposed to include the spot which our Lord consecrated through His burial, but the site of His tomb, as well as Calvary, is strongly disputed, and as there is no natural landmark to verify either place, they must remain a field for topographers to speculate on.

In alluding to the uncertainty of those two places, I must, however, as a Protestant, express my admiration of the love with which the early Christian Church treasured all the associations of our Lord, and the sacred untiring care with which two of its branches—the Greek and Roman



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Churches—have preserved them. Like sleepless sentinels they watch and guard them, and such sites as fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago, the early Christian Church ratified, the rival churches since their division commenced, have tended with jealous care.

The festival of the Greek Easter is difficult to describe. There was a display of religious frenzy in the dense mass of people that occupied the body of the church, which surpassed anything of the kind I had ever before witnessed. At first it would strike a spectator as indicating careless, if not wanton disrespect, but soon it became evident that the whole assembly were suffering from overwrought feelings, and hands and voices gave an unceasing vent to the madness of the hour. Among

the poor uneducated pilgrims the belief is, that when the Patriarch comes out of the tomb with a lighted torch, he is the bearer of a light from heaven. The moment, therefore, that he appears, there is a death struggle in the dense crowd around him, each person with all the strength he is capable of, tries to bear down his neighbour, and light his candle at the blazing brand; once lit, a shout of joy rings through the church, and it matters not what injury may have been occasioned, as "the light that led astray was light from heaven."

I feel assured that this mode of celebrating Easter will, before many years, be reformed, for the late Emperor of Russia, as head of the Greek Church, threw open to its members the pages of the Bible, which



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is the surest and most unerring guide in a religious reform. There is no celebration which shows more the danger of a symbol changing its whole nature than the scene I have described, for in its origin, the Greek Church, I believe, did not intend more than to intimate that all spiritual light descended from heaven; the flambeau was a mere visible sign of it, to be received, as Pope Gregory regarded pictures, "the books of the vulgar," but in an age of ignorance, it was not easy to prescribe such limits. Superstition was too universal, and soon changed into an object of worship, that which was at first only intended as a symbol of truth.

Returning from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I was guided to Mount Zion, where I resided during my stay at Jeru-

salem. The house in which I lived was called an hotel, and was kept by a German and his wife, thoroughly clean and well supplied with whatever the market at Jerusalem could furnish.

After being guided two or three times through Jerusalem, I sauntered out always, either alone or with some companion as much a stranger as I was myself. In this manner I soon became acquainted with every part of the city, and depending on myself I enjoyed more my walks than if I was led about like a blind man. I walked every day to the Mount of Olives, and paused and pondered over the many eventful scenes which have made this mountain so familiar to every Christian.

Jerusalem is girt round on every side with hills, one of them is Olivet. It is a



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lovely mountain, much planted with olives, from whence it derives its name, and is verdant in every part. From its summit there is a complete view of the interior of Jerusalem, and the spectator sees at once the suitability and force of our Lord's simile and lament. In the distance in rear of the mount are the mountains of Moab very plainly seen ; on the shoulder of the mount on the road to Jericho stands Bethany, at the foot of the mount facing Jerusalem is Gethsemane, a few yards further in the bottom of the valley which runs round Jerusalem, flows the brook Cedron.

In this world I regard as the most interesting walk, that which I daily enjoyed during my visit to Jerusalem ; descending the high ground upon which the city

stands I crossed Cedron, and ascended Olivet, passing close to Gethsemane. Then after spending some time on the mount I descended into the valley by the tomb of Absalom, and visiting Siloa, made the circuit of the city.

Over this ground I slowly walked every day until the whole scene became and remains engraven on my memory. In the days of our Lord the garden of Gethsemane must have been much larger than it now is. It was then the public garden of a populous city, and must have been large, extending along the whole foot of Olivet to have admitted of the seclusion which our Lord so often sought there. In the part that is now walled off there are a number of olive trees of evident antiquity, they are said to be cotemporaries of our Lord, and



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as living relics of His period and presence, they are nurtured and protected with every mark of honour.

Bethesda is another of the Scriptural places which as regards site remains undisputed, and indeed when we consider the "Delenda est Carthago" spirit with which Jerusalem was assailed, the wonder is how so much survives the sweeping destruction. The city is, and has always been to the Hebrew people, the ruling national idea. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down ; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion," and still in their memory the same strong love exists, although the rivers of Babylon no longer witness their sorrow.

Within the walls of Jerusalem there is a narrow street running by the side of the mosque which stands where the Temple



once stood. In the wall of the mosque there are some of the ancient stones of the Temple, and close to them once every week, the Jews assemble to lament their fall. They recite the penitential psalms, humble themselves to the dust, and pour forth their heart in sorrow.

It is impossible to be present (as I have been) at the sight I have described without being in sympathy with the Hebrew people, not only for their fall, but their hope of restoration.

Having spent three days amidst those scenes of sacred story, it became necessary as I limited myself to a month in the Holy Land and Syria, to move on to other parts.

## CHAPTER IV.

I THEREFORE arranged to start on the 7th of May for Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan. One of my fellow-travellers from Alexandria accompanied me, and having selected a dragoman, who was a Jew, we started the morning of the 7th. Before tourists can visit the country about the Dead Sea, Jericho, and the Jordan, it is necessary to secure an escort of Bedouin Arabs, for like antelopes they range over that wild country, and would resent an intrusion, if a kind of black mail was not paid for the protection they render. Between some of their chiefs and the British Consul there existed a regular treaty, and in consideration of tourists having some of their



tribes as escort, they undertake to guarantee all such tourists against being robbed or molested in their country.

The Consul, who was very obliging, arranged that five Bedouins were to meet us at Bethlehem on the 7th, and escort us through our tour, and the dragoman having provided horses, a commissariat, and a tent ; about nine o'clock in the morning we started. After passing the suburbs of the city, cultivation soon became what is called by our American brethren, "sparse." All over the Holy Land except where towns have drawn a few people together population are like the planks in Virgil's shipwreck, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. You pass over vast expanses of uncultivated land, here and there lighting upon some poor dwelling.

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In the days of David and Solomon the population is supposed to have been about six millions ; at present, including towns, it is supposed that the population does not exceed two hundred thousand.

In about an hour and a half from Jerusalem we reached Rachel's tomb. The tomb is not, of course, the monument Jacob raised, but it very probably marks her grave. When the Pentateuch was written the monument Jacob raised was in existence, "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day," Genesis, 35th chapter, 20th verse. Through subsequent ages, her beautiful and simple love-story would be sure to save her memory and grave from neglect, for besides being the maternal ancestor of three tribes, her and



Jacob's love-story would never vanish from the memory of Israel.

From Rachel's tomb we next visited the pools of Solomon, about half an hour or three-quarters distant. They consist of three large oblong-shaped tanks, rising like steps one above the other, they were very deep, and the water beautifully clear. Solomon had them made to be reservoirs for Jerusalem, and like all that he said and built, they bear the impress of his wise and capacious mind.

From thence to Bethlehem. We passed through a pleasing, though deserted country. Bethlehem stands high on a hill, and would be remarkable even if not hallowed as it has been ; the hills and valleys all about it must have been charming when happy with pastoral life, and David must



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often have during the stormy times of his reign looked back with a fond regret at his peaceful shepherd days. The valley on either side of Bethlehem is in all its natural features, what is implied by the poetic word arcadian, and in the Holy Land, there could not have been a more suitable valley for the peaceful visitors from heaven.

As I drew nigh to the town a number of women, picturesquely dressed, were descending the hill upon which Bethlehem stands, to draw water. In the East the drawing of water is assumed by women as their exclusive duty. It rests upon the most ancient custom, and appearing as they did with their pitchers on their head or shoulder, they illustrated a habit of life which has prevailed from patriarchal time.

Over the spot on which our Lord is supposed to have been born, a memorial church has been raised.

The first church was built by the Empress Helena, whose name is kept in honour in the Holy Land, by this and other similar acts of devotion the present church is very large and massively built. The point of interest is in the crypt ; you descend, and after a winding passage you enter a little chapel in which a star marks the spot, where the Virgin Mary gave birth to the Saviour.

The clergy at Bethlehem were very courteous to me, and in every monastery I visited in the East I experienced the same tone of reception. As I was to sleep that night in the convent of Marsaba, which is the only dwelling where a stranger going



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to the Dead Sea and the Jordan can stay, and the monks, although very hospitable, like visitors to arrive before night, we were obliged to leave Bethlehem sooner than I otherwise would have done. When we returned to the door of the church our horses were ready, and our five Bedouins mounted. They were well armed and took up their ground at once, and we moved off in formal order of battle. Two rode in advance, two as rear guard, and the chief Bedouin by our side.

Before leaving Bethlehem it is only just that I should unite my opinion with that of all who regard the church there as fixing the spot where our Lord was born. There is no question that in the days of the Empress Helena it was regarded as such, and considering how traditional in



the East are all events, and how hereditary pastoral occupation, it is not improbable to suppose that the shepherd families about Bethlehem, besides those living in the town, would through the first three centuries preserve an exact knowledge of the lowly inn or dwelling which had been so honoured.

In about three or four hours from Bethlehem we reached Marsaba, which is built on a mountain crag, in a most desolate region, so desolate, that no other place except the Dead Sea, ever so much impressed my mind with the idea of desolation.

The convent belongs to the Greek Church, and must have been built at great expense, as it is very large and remote from assistance. The monks received us in the same spirit of kindness as at Bethlehem,

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indeed both of the Greek and Roman Catholic Church in the East I must ever gratefully speak and write. They extended to me uniform kindness whenever I entered their convents.

The evening of the 7th we arrived half an hour or so before sunset, and were welcomed. Although monastic vows prescribe a very rigid abstemious rule for monks, visitors are unrestrained ; a generous fare is extended to them, and at Marsaba I was glad when my dinner hour arrived to learn that I had a dinner. In one of Mr. Dickens' Christmas tales he introduces a character who laments that nothing is more regular than dinner hour, and nothing more irregular than dinner. So is it with travellers in the East, who march about with a scanty commissariat.

While dinner was being prepared a monk kindly showed us the monastery. Its position, strength, and the desolate region it overlooks can never be forgotten. Looking down the gorge or ravine in the mountain on which it stands, the great depth is in some degree measured by the few birds never rising higher than midway. They were the only sign of life except the few flowers which the monks cultivate, and which in dreary regions are cheering to meet with.

In the room in which we dined there went all round it a series of ottomans, not luxurious, but clean. I was soon after my dinner fast asleep upon one of them, and had an unbroken sleep until an hour or so before dawn, when my dragoman called



me. Breakfast by lamplight followed, and then a word of good-bye.

The path or track from Marsaba to the Dead Sea is of the same dreary, lifeless rugged order. It would, I believe, soon become impassable were it not for the pilgrims who pass by it every year to the Jordan.

About midday we arrived at the Dead Sea, and being curious to ascertain whether its water was as acrid and caustic as report made it, I soon stripped, took a race and a plunge. In a moment my eyes, throat, and nostrils smarted with an intense disagreeable pain, and I was glad, an hour or two after, to plunge two or three times into the sweet, soft water of the Jordan, which, compared to that of the Dead Sea,



affords perhaps the most striking contrast that water can present.

The country between Marsaba and the Dead Sea is all mountain, desolate in all things which exempt a scene from desolation. At the Dead Sea you descend into a plain, the sea to the right, the Jordan at a couple of hours' distance in front, and Jericho and its plain on the left. No sea or lake with its shore could present a more gloomy lifeless-looking scene. Its gloom is not only apparent from the absence of skylarks—as referred to in that touching melody on St. Kevin and Kathleen—but every other bird, and the vegetation consisted of a few stunted brambles that no animal would eat. The very roll of the wave was gloomy and sullen ; no appearance of that happy smiling ripple which plays in general upon

the surface of lakes when the sun shines and the breeze blows gently.

The weather was all that could be desired, so I saw the Dead Sea under the most favourable light. From the sea we hurried to the Jordan, which shoots down like an arrow. Like the Rhone at Geneva the banks are thickly wooded with a light kind of wood, and if the ground about it was cultured, it had the look of an embosomed plenty.

Large bodies of pilgrims visit the Jordan every year, and prize through life the privilege of having dipped in its water. Our dragoman had provided luncheon for us, which, after a long ride and a bath in the river, was very welcome to us all ; also our Bedouins who, I think, in general lived as all Bedouins do, on spare diet,

were much gratified by the sight of food.

We remained about two hours, and with great regret I parted from the Jordan, which I not only now recall with pleasure, but fancy I can hear its gushing sound, the roll of many waters.

Having cut some sticks as a souvenir, we had to turn our back for a time on the river and move across the plain to Jericho and Elisha's Fountain. The latter place is a favourite camping ground, there is a slightly elevated plateau that spurs out from the mountain, and at its foot a crystal-like stream of water, delicious to drink, which makes it the best ground in the district. In reaching it you must pass through Jericho, which is without exception a most wretched, filthy village. No

wonder that it has become a proverb to wish a person at Jericho, when a kindly wish does not inspire the speaker, for I cannot conceive a more uncomfortable place to lodge in.

Elisha's Fountain or stream which gushes from the mountain has received the Prophet Elisha's name from the miracle ascribed to him in the 2nd Book of Kings, 2nd chapter 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd verses, " And when they came again to him (for he tarried at Jericho), he said unto them, Did I not say unto you, Go not ? And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth ; but the water is nought, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse and put salt therein. And they brought it to him.

And he went forth unto the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters ; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spake." And there they are still, not to be excelled by any fountain which a tired, thirsty traveller could desire.

The situation of Jericho is, as the sons of the prophets declared it, pleasant. It stands on a part of the plain that is well watered, pleasantly wooded, and in easy reach of the mountain.

Some of the Bedouins had escorted before us the baggage mule to our camping ground, and when we arrived the tent was

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pitched, a fire kindled and a culinary process going on.

I must remark that our dragoman, who bore the two good old names of Moses Jacob, was most attentive, he spoke Arabic, also the Turkish language, and a little English, quite enough to be a medium with the Bedouins.

The evening at Elisha's Fountain was calm and lovely. The mountain in our rear, the plain, the Jordan, and the mountains of Moab before us furnished scenes not only of much natural beauty, but intense interest to dwell on. We had been joined by a minister of the Greek Church, and I think a couple of stray pilgrims, all of whom wished to stay and move on with us to Jerusalem, and we were very glad to

be able to extend to them the trivial courtesy which they sought, and we were all in a happy mood ; and the Bedouins, after supper, became very expressive in their share of the conversation.

I remember one of them (for I chatted away through the dragoman with them), asking me to take him as my travelling servant, not only through the Holy Land, but to England. For some very trivial sum per month he said that he would maintain himself, his horse, and keep his arms in order. They all spoke very sensibly regarding the condition of the country, and were anxious for the electric spark of progress to rouse and raise them to the level of other people.

There are already among the Bedouins the agencies of good ; the missionaries

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whenever and wherever they can, visit them and instruct them in the truths of the Bible upon which the material and social progress of the Western kingdoms rest. Without generous just laws kingdoms would decay, and there can be no question that the Bible not only suggests such laws, but so leavens a nation with personal responsibility that required reforms can be calmly discussed and fearlessly made.

## CHAPTER V.

BEFORE leaving Jerusalem I had promised to be back there in time for the cathedral service on Ascension Thursday, May 9th. From Elisha's Fountain direct to Jerusalem is about eight hours' ride, and not wishing to disturb or hasten my fellow-travellers I proposed that one or two of the Bedouins should start with me about one or two in the morning, and that the rest of the party should follow at their leisure.

This plan the Bedouins opposed, stating that the way from Jericho to Jerusalem was very unsafe, and that they were responsible to the Pacha for our safe return. In the days of our Lord the road from Jerusalem to Jericho was far from being a

*via sacra*, and its character is just the same to this day.

As the weather was very warm and the early morn charming to travel in, my fellow-traveller told me that he would like to go at the same time with me, so it was arranged that at two o'clock we should start. One by one our party except a Bedouin or two (who were appointed to keep watch) had fallen asleep, and under a bright starlit sky I was soon included in the number. I always sleep well, and upon this occasion my only disturbance was a heavy fall of rain, and some peals of thunder with lightning. It came on about midnight, and being satisfied that it was not a dream I took refuge in the tent with all our party. The storm lasted for about an hour, cooled

the air, and gave a feeling of freshness to the thirsty soil.

During nine months' travel I never previously was exposed to a storm of any kind nor saw heavy rain—indeed I may say any rain excepting some slight showers in the Punjab, and on this occasion, happening at the hour it did, it made our journey to Jerusalem very pleasant, for the rain ceasing, broad bright sheets of what we call summer lightning played around the hills and made our path as plain almost as under sunshine.

The dragoman having boiled some coffee and displayed many other articles more solid, we all began breakfast.

By two o'clock the tent was struck, the mule packed, horses saddled, and all ready for the start. The track was narrow,

and we had to move in single file, but owing to the very frequent flashes of lightning we had no difficulty in keeping the path.

A visit to the Holy Land is "a joy for ever," for memory recalls the recorded scenes and gives to them a hallowed local force. The road or track direct from Jericho to Jerusalem runs through a mountain country, almost entirely uncultivated and unpeopled. At an early hour, before the sun is at its strength, the traveller feels its loneliness, for sunshine imparts even to desert barren hills a sense that the wayfarer is not alone.

About nine o'clock we approached the Mount of Olives, and soon were at Bethany, which had been so often honoured by our Lord. From Bethany to Jerusalem is a

pleasant walk, and the village is prettily placed at one extreme of the mount, from whence the country to the south can be seen. The view of Jerusalem from the upper part of the road is exact, you can see it as you would the model of a city placed on a table.

Having reached my hotel and been welcomed by my civil host and hostess, and parted cordially with my friends, the Bedouins, I attended the cathedral which, in miniature, is prettily built. I had the pleasure of being introduced to some of the clergymen connected with the mission, but the bishop I had not the honour of meeting, he had sailed for Europe. Among the circle at Jerusalem to whom I was introduced were some German ladies, sisters of mercy, sisters of Jesus, for such they

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were, devoting themselves to all the works, that beautify religion and help in spreading its influence upon earth.

They have an admirable school, and hospital, and good of every kind they devote themselves to. Dr. Chaplin was the generous English physician who shared their sole motive, the sense of doing good. I remember being conducted by one of the ladies through a ward of the hospital, and being struck by the wide-spread influence it must diffuse, for among the patients were sufferers from the region of Damascus, and other equally remote and more unfriended parts. What a heaven on earth must have been the time those poor wild people passed in that hospital ! Their maladies cured or lessened, their heart and mind raised to a purer and loftier sense of their being in

this world, for they teach them simply the simple truths of Christianity, and illustrate them in the manner of a ministry from heaven. I visited those ladies as often as I could, always enjoying their society, for they were very kind and cheerful, and I remember them now with a sincere regard.

Mr. and Mrs. Finn, the British Consul and his wife, were also very courteous to me. I recollect one morning calling upon him to ask some official kindness, which he rendered, and followed up with a friendly request that I should join them that evening, as they were to have a reception. Not expecting to be asked to any party at Jerusalem, I had sent on to Beyrout almost all my clothes, except a few things suitable for rough travel. In such attire the circle of friends I have

mentioned received me, but a formal official party was quite another ordeal. Having told the Consul how bare was my wardrobe, he brought me his wife's friendly decision that she would not accept my excuse, and I should have, therefore, to appear. I passed a very pleasant evening with them—their consular friends, and a large, general assembly: among whom were a body of French officers, who contributed largely to the enjoyment of all. France is always as talented and pleasing in civil life as in the battle field she is talented and brave.

One of the advantages of extended travel is the variety of mind the traveller meets with. Such contacts extinguish all ignorance, prejudice, and replace it with more just and friendly ideas. I do not believe

that I am guilty of ever having entertained a prejudice against any people, but my Eastern travel visibly revealed to me the truth, which should more cordially unite human nature, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and when Africa is spoken of, or any other race not privileged with the light which has so long shone upon Europe, what was declared through St. Paul to the then most polished people in the world, should suppress ungenerous distinctions which the scope and spirit of the Gospel have removed.

After being at church the last day I was at Jerusalem. It was Sunday. I was just about to enter at the Joppa Gate, having had my usual walk, when I came face to face with several very English-

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looking people, who were evidently, like myself, strangers at Jerusalem. "*Citius dicto*," one of the party, advancing to me, said, extending his hand. "I am sure you are an Englishman." I need scarcely explain that they were a body of American gentlemen, and that I felt much gratified by their cordial kindred manner. They were encamped without the wall, and were the next day to start on the tour of the Jordan; but again at Beyrout, I had the pleasure of meeting them and sailing in the same steamboat from thence to Constantinople, and from the latter city to Greece, also as far as Sicily.

It was during my return from India I first heard with sorrow that the once United States were disunited, and that sooner than separate in peace the horrors

of civil war had commenced. Although every British person canvassed and criticised the *casus belli*, there were, I feel assured, very few who did not share in a kindred sorrow for the whole American people.

Personally I must say that when their cannon boomed over the Atlantic, I felt that the attitude of the British people should be that of mourning. And such it was, although that freeborn spirit, which belongs, and I hope will ever belong, to both people, spoke through the press in the same frank, unreserved manner that the whole American people, through their press, criticise every British act, whether it relates to a revolt in the East or the less exciting measures of home policy. That war has now, however, ended in the

extinction of slavery, which I hope the United States and Europe will never permit to be resumed by any other people under any guise or plausible name. The United States is now a much stronger union, for it now consistently maintains the equality of man, which is the first article in their constitution.

It is always painful to say farewell when the object or scene is one which you feel at the time will probably never again be seen. Such were my feelings throughout my last walk round Jerusalem. I visited Bethesda, crossed the Cedron, entered Gethsemane's garden—

Where Jesus while He dwelt below,  
As Divine historians say,  
To a place would often go,  
Near to Kedron's brook it lay.  
In this place He loved to be,  
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

I ascended the Mount of Olives, paused over the scene upon which our Lord had so often looked, glanced at Bethany, visited the tombs in the vale below, also Siloam, and all the other memorials of Israel's former days. I had previously visited Mount Scopus, upon which Titus Vespasian encamped when he besieged Jerusalem. From it there is a grand panoramic view of the city and much of its outskirt, which must, from the form of the ground, have been charming when rejoicing in the corn and wine with which it abounded.

As I had decided upon going to Beyrout by land, I was anxious to include as many as possible of the historic places mentioned in the Bible, and time being of much value to me I arranged to leave Jerusalem upon May 13th. I was fortunate in the

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dragoman selected, and I must record that to me he proved faithful, vigorous, brave, and very obliging. He never raised a difficulty, nor shrank from anything that energy could do. He was a Hungarian, and of the number of the refugees who were sheltered by the Sultan. He had learned the Turkish, also the Arabic, language. He also spoke French and English fairly. He told me that he had enlisted in the British 4th Light Dragoons, and with them went through the whole Crimean campaign.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE morning of May 13th I left Jerusalem for the north. Our party consisted of two German gentlemen and one Danish, an Armenian who was attached to the American Mission, and a poor Scotch gardener, who, having saved from his earnings at home a few pounds set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He possessed all the general conduct and independence which belong to the Scotch, and was always unintrusive and obliging. My Armenian friend was also a person of much respectability, having been educated at the Malta College, and associated with the American missionaries in Turkey.

The evening before I left Jerusalem I

was asked by the dragoman to allow them to accompany me. I was very glad that they should do so, and have whatever protection I could afford. My camp equipage and commissariat were very easily carried, one mule carrying food, clothes, and the muleteer. We had no tent, and if we had, I should have preferred the spangled heaven, under which both in India and at sea I had so often soundly slept.

We all met by appointment outside one of the gates, and now and then wheeling round to have a farewell look at Jerusalem, we moved forward. In the first instance, our route lay for Sychar, or Shechem, and passed nigh to Beth-horan and Shiloh. Sychar is about twelve hours' journey from Jerusalem. Almost

the whole country through which we passed was untilled, and tenantless; but towards night, when more than half-way to Sychar, we came upon a village adjoining a valley waving with corn. We decided upon passing the night here, under the stars, which shone very bright, and having deputed the dragoman to learn from the villagers what they could provide us with, he came back with the pleasant news that they would sell us milk, eggs, and straw. A fire was soon lit, tea made, eggs boiled, and whatever odds-and-ends we had produced. Then came cigars, a friendly chat in French and English, and, trusting to the Almighty Friend, who, as Jesus of Nazareth, had often travelled the same ground, we were asleep.

Under such travelling conditions as I

have described, I need not add that we all had to rough it. Being from childhood fond of water, and accustomed to a plentiful supply, I was greatly comforted whenever a running stream flowed near to our night halt. When that happened, I began the day in luxury. The dragoman was generally the first awake, and always up with the first distant streak of day. Our breakfast was a short affair—a metal goblet of tea or coffee, bread, either European or Turkish, and eggs when we could get them. At Jerusalem and the convents throughout the Holy Land we got bread baked after the European fashion, but everywhere else it was Turkish—the form of which is like a pancake, and baked to the extent a pancake is fried.

The baggage mule was then quickly packed, the other mules and my horse bridled, and with early morn we moved on. The road or line of travel to Sychar was in many parts very interesting. The Vale of Sychar, where we arrived about the same time our Lord did, as recorded in the fourth chapter of St. John, is very lovely. I came upon it suddenly, and was, therefore, more struck than if we had gradually advanced. As we descended we found Jacob's well almost in front, and we could easily realize the fatigue and thirst which induced our Lord to rest there. Both the well and the whole locality strictly correspond with the description in the Bible, and the tired would naturally first visit the well and linger there, charmed by the scene. The

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valley is planted with olive trees, and the whole ground looking as if it could be made like a rich garden. Going up the valley to Sychar, on the right rises Mount Ebal, and on the left Mount Gerizim; on all sides memorials of Israel's earliest days, as well as our Lord's visit. We remained some time at the well, round the mouth of which runs a low, broad wall, similar to, if not made of the same stones, upon which our Lord sat.

Near the entrance of the town we were met by a Samaritan, who kindly invited us to his house. We accepted him as our guide during our stay at Sychar, but we lodged in a house in which the Bishop of Jerusalem had a school. The room I occupied was generally devoted to the scholars, but the day we were at Sychar,

May 14th, was a holiday. There were, however, two or three of the children who came to us, and appeared very intelligent. One of them spoke English well, which surprised me, as the poor boy had but few opportunities for exercising such knowledge as he gained at school. The master, who was a very civil fellow, spoke English a little. I think he was of Greek descent. He chatted with me freely upon the ancient history of Sychar, and its modern politics, and after resting a little (with the Samaritan as our guide) we ascended Mount Gerizim.

The base of the mountain is thickly planted with the olive and other trees, and a stream gushes by with much force, refreshing with its sound as well as its water. Upon the summit of the mount

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some of the foundation stones of the ancient temple are to be seen, and a view extending for many miles. In the East during some hours of the day the prospect from any height is always charming, the eye can reach to a great distance, and see every object exactly. When you stand upon such ancient monuments of Israel's history, it is not easy to leave them—there is a magnetic force in all that pertains to that people and the truths of sacred story, which (are not merely personal to the Jewish people but to the whole Christian Church,) become realized.

Except round its base there is a death-like silence upon Mount Gerizim, and the tourist must forcibly contrast it with its former state, when it echoed the national blessing, and was the high altar to which

Samaria looked. Beside all its reminiscences, it afforded me a pleasant walk, the ascent and descent requiring no further effort than is necessary for pleasure. I visited the Samaritan synagogue, and learned that in the congregation, there were upwards of one hundred members.

Having dined, and spent the night at Sychar, the morning of the 15th we moved on for Tiberias. This day's travel struck me as very lovely, the Vale of Esdraelon and Mount Tabor being two of its points. We arrived at Mount Tabor about midday, and learning that there was encamped near the mount a Bedouin chief, upon whom it would be a courtesy to call (for he had expressed a wish that all tourists should recognise him after this friendly mode), I gladly visited his camp.

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The district it occupied was very charming, beautifully planted, and affording abundant pasture for the cattle. After passing by several tents, we came upon the chief's. Near it his lance was fixed upright in the ground, and his horse—a handsome Arab—picketed at the lance. His tent differed little from the ordinary tents of his tribe—the cushions and carpets brought for us, being probably the only luxury. The tents were of an oblong form, one of the long sides being open; the material fawn-colour, with a stripe. In the camp we saw many of the females, who, with their children, came out to have a peep at us.

The chief was not at first in his tent, but one of his officers received us, and courteously provided us with carpets and

cushions. Then the chief came, a calm, unpretending Eastern gentleman. He was dressed in blue; he wore no ornament, and the whole man was free from every sign of ostentation. He also wore no arms; a string of amber beads was the only thing he carried, with which he amused his fingers while he talked. A considerable number of Bedouins, all armed, sat in the tent with us. They were the chief's staff, to whom they appeared to be deeply attached, and as deferential as children. They were the wildest-looking race I had met with during my travel, but I would not have hesitated for one moment in accepting the word of any one of them upon any matter personal to myself. Wild as they are, with their hand against every one, and every one's hand against them,



there is a high-born honour among them, which prompts a zealous regard for their pledged word, and makes them gentle in peace.

One of my companions had a letter to the chief, which his secretary—I must call him—read to him; and, as my letter of introduction, I related shortly my tour in India, to which the whole of the party listened with silent attention. I believe, also, that I was voted a honorary member of their tribe, for I remember as I was speaking, they pointed to my dress, and joyously addressed to me the name, Bedouin.

I wore upon the occasion (indeed, throughout my whole tour in the Holy Land and Syria) an ample Damascus, cloak, and the fez, with a red and yellow-

Women were engaged in various pastoral occupations, children as naked as cupids playing about, horses, horned cattle, goats, and sheep in family union with them all, which is literally the case with the Bedouins, who are very kind to animals. As regards horses, when going on any expedition, the Bedouins use a powerful bit, but generally they bridle them with a slight piece of string; the Arab horses preferring that gentle guidance and always seem in union with the will of their rider.

The Bedouins in physique are lightly made, but well knit, erect, and very active. In complexion they are deeply bronzed, but some of them are less so. During our travel we constantly met them, and in passing, they generally said "Mèrhaba," which signifies welcome,



## CHAPTER VII.

AFTER leaving the region of Mount Tabor, the country again became mountainous and wild, and continued so until we reached Tiberias, which town and the sea of Galilee are suddenly seen, for they underlie the track by which they are approached. The descent to Tiberias is steep, and until you stand immediately above it the town is not seen.

It is built close to or almost into the lake or sea, the water of which is very clear and soft. From the high ground the scene is lovely, and our Lord must often have enjoyed its repose after the blind bigotry of the Scribes and Pharisees who were His constant persecutors at Jerusalem.

In this spot nature is most endearing in every feature, and the wind which fitfully bursts over the sea gives to it what Homer called, its countless smiles. No wonder that our Lord was fond of Galilee, for probably He found here a rest which, in the busier haunts of men, was denied to Him. The length of the sea is about twelve miles, its width from one and a half to four ; it is encircled with high ground, that, where the Gadarenes lived (on the opposite side) being very high and steep.

The sea abounds with fish, but there was only one boat upon it, although to be well supplied with fish would be an immense boon to Tiberias.

All our party had, for a short distance, a sail in the boat, we also partook of fish at each meal.

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During our stay there, we lodged with a family of Jews, I think that they had come from Poland. They were a hard-working, struggling family, and did what they could to create comfort for us. Most of the inhabitants in Tiberias are Jews, and many of the women are very handsome, and conscious of their beauty ; they came out every evening prettily attired and unveiled, and imparted life to the little town. It was a most pleasing sight to see the Hebrew women and girls with their husbands, friends, and lovers in groups, basking in the evening sun, and as joyous as the light that shone upon them.

The second evening I was at Tiberias, I was outside the town admiring the beauty of the lake and its skirting hills, when a Bedouin rode out of his way to me, and

putting his hand into a bag by the saddle, presented me with two cucumbers. He was one of the tribe I had visited the previous day, and he evinced much pleasure in seeing me again.

I twice swam in the sea of Galilee, and visited the mineral hot springs, where I had the pleasure of meeting the Sheik's son. There are no remains of the cities which our Lord rebuked, and the country of the Gadarenes has a forsaken, uninviting look.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE distance from Tiberias to Nazareth is about six hours' ride and the morning of the 18th we left Tiberias at nine, and arrived at Nazareth about three. Much of the road or track discloses beautiful scenes, and here and there a sparkling stream cheers with its look and sound. Nazareth is inhabited by three divisions of the Christian Church, the Roman Catholic, the Greek, and Protestant. I, with my travelling friends, was received at the Latin convent, where we were kindly entertained.

Among our circle there were two English Roman Catholic clergymen, one from

Ireland and the other from the Southern States of America. There were also a French and Italian party who were, I believe, connected with some works of excavation. We all met, dined, and cordially enjoyed the conversation of our circle.

The Order, who lived in the convent, did not dine with us, but provided us liberally at all our meals. Soon after my arrival I called upon the Church of England missionary, who complained to me of a vexatious antagonism, which is most unwise as well as unscriptural, for if the heads of Christian denominations saw the moral wastes of heathen lands, they would never be stirred up by jealousy to persecute each other. They would see how large was the want of elevating truths—

Wilds immeasurably spread,

and taking the plough look only before them.

The Christian Church has yet much progress to make, and learn to look upon ecclesiastical question as our Lord Jesus Christ from the analogies in His life would have done if on earth. Now every mode of persecution is, *per se*, wrong. It is not only (as I believe) in all matters a positive offence, but has a demoralising action upon the mind of a people.

A people sink to its level, and lose greatly in moral greatness, for mental forces are not idle powers. If they slight or oppose the Almighty's moral laws, I believe that there must be a final reaction. The Bible contains the doctrine of Christ, but it would be nonsense to accept the doctrine and ignore the social goodness and large-

ness of heart that every person is taught by it to practise.

May 19th was a Sunday, and I attended the missionary church. The service and sermon were in Arabic, the congregation uttering the responses in that language. After service we wandered through the little town, and descended the hill upon the slope, of which Nazareth is built.

Whoever has visited Nazareth can read from its charming summit the lesson which taught our Lord a love for mountain scenery. In contemplating His character many are inclined to merge His humanity in His divinity, but between Him and the whole human race, there existed the same springs of sympathy.

From the summit of the hill there is a grand panoramic view, the Mediterranean,

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the Plain of Esdraelon, Mount Hermon, and the mountains of Samaria, also dotting the plain, Cana and Nain. We could fancy our Lord here after His daily toil, meditating over a morally prostrate world, and the reform which through future ages His religion was to work. 1,800 years have rolled away, a high civilisation has been attained, and an ardent desire and spirit of progress prevails in almost every nation ; and although still some great faults obscure the light of the Christian Church, yet the influence which the Bible has exerted and exerts, must, like sunshine on morning mists, dispel them all.

There is, I believe, a coming time when all ignorances will vanish, and polemical points cease as disputes, to lessen the influence of the Christian Churches. In the

present age, the human mind displays an activity and flight like what steam and electricity produce. It enters every mental and moral region, and although now and then its flight may be erratic and misguided, yet truth and the progress of the world are largely advanced. As the religion of Christ must in a greater or less degree interest every mind, it cannot be exempt from speculation, but as it is to my mind as substantially true as the throne of God, I believe that no speculations can ever hurt it.

A speculative writer may assail truth and wander into the wildest regions of thought, but although it may for a time be obscured, scepticized, ridiculed, it can never be overthrown, no more than creation by any human act could be extinguished. A

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theorist upon the specks and human flaws of the Bible (who may seek to subvert it) must, I believe, even alone by good sense be defeated, for every mind in every land (that is familiar with the Bible, and with also the history of this world, and the wonderful strides it has made and is making) must honestly ask the question, From whence comes all this light ?

The polished intellect of Greece, the vigorous experienced intellect of Rome never suggested a philosophy which taught the impartial elevation of the whole human race, and revealed the moral laws which God has framed for their happiness and progress. The whole legislative wisdom of the British people which is, I believe, in every land honoured, the activity of their commerce, their re-

spect for and support of public order, that sense of duty which is insensible to danger, their civil and religious freedom, their enterprise and industry ; I believe that all those qualities and national characteristics have sprung from and been developed by the teaching of the Bible. It is the great book of reform, suitable to every people, and enjoining progress of every kind.

Having gazed from the hill of Nazareth over a scene which had been so often viewed by our Lord, we wandered about the town, meeting many of the inhabitants, and seeing what is always pretty and picturesque in the East—women drawing water at a well.

We then all again assembled at dinner, spent the evening in the convent, and

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having enjoyed its cleanly rooms and bed, parted next morning from our kind hosts for Mount Carmel.

It reflects sadly upon the state of Christianity in Palestine, that what are called the sacred places (which should hush every note of discord), are the centres of the most bitter disputes and enmities. The Christian churches should unite in forbearance, if not in doctrine, for the tide of a great change is flowing fast over the world, and what may be called the popular force, will (I believe) be largely developed, and under the guidance of a united Christianity and wise rulers be only a greater facility for good to the millions, and make them the supports upon whom rulers should, and can rest. The waves may roll high, but helmsmen

know that a well-formed vessel rarely founders, unless it be badly steered.

The distance of Mount Carmel from Nazareth is between five and six hours. The whole line of road or track was charming. It was alternate hills and vale, and ornate with many trees and plants in vernal beauty. About an hour and a half before we reached the convent at Mount Carmel, we crossed "that ancient river, the river Kishon." When the rain falls it receives breadth and depth, but when we crossed, it was easily forded. Mount Carmel boldly juts out into the Mediterranean. As a headland, no point on any coast I have seen excels it, and I realized how easily (far away) the little cloud could have been seen, which in response to Elijah's prayer, announced plenty to Israel. The genius of

the mount is Elijah, and his memory will be coeval with it. The mount has been mapped out, and his biography, so far as it applies to Carmel, been distributed over its various points.

Mount Carmel impressed me as a very healthy spot for a weary or invalid traveller to halt at. It stands high, and projects well out into the ocean. The sea view is far and wide, and St. Jean D'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais (standing picturesquely three hours' distance at the end of a curved line of coast), gives to the view animation. The steamers also touch under Mount Carmel, and render north or south easy of access.

In all the convents through the East, most of the monks are Italian. They were very courteous to us all, but it could not

be otherwise, for a kindly well-bred manner is inborn with the Italian people.

We remained at Mount Carmel the afternoon and night of the 20th, and until the afternoon of the 21st, when we started for St. Jean D'Acre. The ride there was very pleasant, the fresh sea breeze and ripple of the wave imparting to us vigour, and the pleasure that sounds of music awaken.

It was some time after sunset when we arrived at St. Jean D'Acre. The gates were closed, and the sentinel within was at first reluctant to pay much attention to us ; however, much as some people smiled at Lord Palmerston's high-spirited quotation, *Civis Romanus sum*, we all found it upon this occasion the "Sesame" to the town. I remember that the dragoman, after parleying for some time, told the sentinel that

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some English were of the party, when he instantly replied, that he would call the officer of the guard. The officer of the guard came, and said that the keys were with the Pacha, but that he would go and represent who we were. He soon came back ; the gate was opened, and we entered the town.

I do not record this event as a disparaging contrast with any other country, but the knowledge of the British people is widely spread through Turkey, not only for having helped her in the field when the war unfortunately happened with Russia, but I hope also for being a steadfast friend in speaking unsparingly the truth, and saying that she must arise, and move with the tide of progress, or be submerged, There is also among the Turks some know-

ledge (that has floated as it does in the East seemingly upon the wind), which has informed them that far away in India many millions of Mahomedans are subjects of the British Empire, and are as impartially protected in the free exercise of their religious faith, and in the enjoyment of their personal rights as the British people are. These taken together have created a good name or influence, which in Turkey or any other land in the world can never be sustained without an unselfish honour, and the exercise of what may be called the moral forces of the nation.

At St. Jean D'Acre we were courteously received at a convent. I think my Prussian friend had a general letter of introduction, which satisfied the convent as to character, upon the principle of *Noscitur a*

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*socio.* I did not, however, upon this occasion occupy a room, but slept in the garden.

Everybody knows the history of St. Jean D'Acre. It is an important strategic point, and in war or peace must be influential. We went over all the fortification the morning of the 22nd, and then left for Tyre. The road or track runs almost the whole way by the sea, now and then a little more inland.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was night before we reached Tyre, which looked lonely and desolate until we entered; meeting with no light or sound, the dash of the wave being the only break, and it made the silence more solemn.

Entering Tyre the first sound I heard was the friendly voices of some French soldiers. They were outside a house, which they occupied as a caserne. They were to us all, as the French always are to strangers, good-natured, entering with a kindly sympathy into all our difficulties, and directing us to a house where we could camp. Having partaken of a frugal fare, we all soon fell asleep. I slept on the top of the house, and found it a delightful

dormitory, refreshed by the breeze, and lulled to sleep by the surf.

Tyre is a monument of prophecy ; one of the strong proofs of the truths of the Bible. There lie all round it the evidence of its former grandeur, and its spark of life only shows its complete decay. Fallen columns are to be seen, some on land, some in the sea, which establish the idea of its former wealth and magnificence. It was probably from the Tyrian merchant that the British people first derived the idea of commerce, learning the elements of international trade, which has developed almost every human interest, and is always its steady friend. When we consider how little was then known of navigation, not only of

That trembling vassal of this pole,  
The feeling compass navigation's soul,

but also the relation which the stars and every planet bear to this earth, enabling a sailor to decide the exact position of his ship; the enterprise and daring of Tyre must excite admiration. Sallust speaking of Africa—its northern part—excuses the want of commercial enterprise with it in early days upon the ground, *Mare magnum et lingua ignota commercia prohibebant*, how vast, therefore, must have been the maritime spirit and energy of Tyre which previously sailed over this and other seas, facing frequent storms, and undismayed by their danger. We know also from Scripture how much maritime power was possessed by Tyre; how much indebted Solomon was to Hiram for many friendly acts which are recorded, as if the Tyrian

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throne exercised an empire not only over adjoining, but over distant seas.

When a traveller now visits Tyre, so complete is her ruin, that unless sacred and profane histories attested her power, and that scattered all round her were many proofs of former palatial grandeur, it could not be believed that she had once been the centre of this world's commerce. It is a lesson that humbles human pride, and teaches how frail is the tenure by which all that constitutes human glory is held.

By sleeping on the tops of houses and such-like open places, I had not only the pleasure of the night breeze but also the first dawn of the morning. No wonder that the poets in the earliest civilized age should describe the hour of dawn with the

imagery and language that they did, for through the whole East "Aurora" charms and rewards with health her early votaries.

The owners of the house where we lodged were very friendly. They were a Syrian family. I remember in their circle there was a very handsome girl, who presided over the house. She now and then came out or peeped out in a friendly but retiring manner, and amidst so much wreck and ruin it was no slight privilege to gaze upon the handsome Syrian girl.

The morning of the 23rd we wandered all about Tyre, that is, the immediate environs, and as all the memorials of its former power are soon seen, we decided upon starting about midday for Zidon. The most cheerful part of Tyre is her beach. There, all who are not actively en-

gaged, assemble in groups, and, like the ancient Athenians, desire to hear or relate some new thing.

Tyre was a very *triste* outpost for the French soldiers, for although the French army are always contented and happy under the most severe trials of the field, yet in a post like Tyre (which had nothing to occupy them, except such subjects as were antiquarian), its *ennui* was severe upon their gaiety and good humour.

Along the shore we met several soldiers, who told me with evident joy that they expected a steamboat that or the following day, to reunite them with their comrades at Beyrout.

The French are a most easily pleased people, when either dependent upon others or cast upon their own resources. Under

It is common to believe in their  
~~ancient~~ ancient ~~and~~ and ~~from~~ from ~~the~~ the ~~only~~ only  
~~that~~ that ~~the~~ the ~~people~~ people ~~there~~ there ~~is~~ is ~~the~~ the ~~best~~ best  
~~in~~ in ~~the~~ the ~~world~~ world ~~to~~ to ~~be~~ be ~~found~~ found ~~in~~ in ~~the~~ the ~~East~~ East ~~Indies~~ Indies. When de-  
~~scribed~~ described ~~that~~ that ~~their~~ their ~~own~~ own ~~resources~~ resources, they  
~~showed~~ showed ~~the~~ the ~~same~~ same ~~things~~ things. Any  
~~man~~ man ~~will~~ will ~~be~~ be ~~found~~ found ~~because~~ because ~~the~~ the ~~same~~ same ~~is~~ is ~~within~~ within ~~them~~ them. I have  
~~always~~ always ~~been~~ been ~~and~~ and ~~known~~ known ~~France~~ France ~~and~~ and ~~the~~ the ~~East~~ East ~~Indies~~ Indies ~~and~~ and ~~throughout~~ throughout ~~their~~ their ~~warm~~ warm ~~and~~ and ~~active~~ active ~~people~~ people ~~may~~ may ~~sometimes~~ sometimes ~~be~~ be ~~stirred~~ stirred ~~and~~ and ~~improved~~ improved ~~by~~ by ~~views~~ views ~~more~~ more ~~broad~~ broad ~~in~~ in ~~the~~ the ~~French~~ French ~~people~~ people, ~~for~~ for ~~the~~ the ~~knowledge~~ knowledge ~~which~~ which ~~more~~ more ~~enlightened~~ enlightened ~~views~~ views ~~have~~ have ~~spread~~ spread, ~~have~~ have ~~taught~~ taught ~~both~~ both ~~people~~ people ~~reciprocally~~ reciprocally ~~to~~ to ~~prize~~ prize ~~each~~ each ~~other's~~ other's ~~qualities~~ qualities, ~~and~~ and ~~regard~~ regard ~~them~~ them ~~as~~ as ~~elements~~ elements ~~of~~ of ~~international~~ international ~~happiness~~ happiness.

At first we intended going by sea from  
 Tyre to Zidon, and the dragoman had it all

arranged, but when we all with luggage were seated or rather piled up on the corn with which the boat was heavily laden, she sank so low in the water, that we all thought that it would be better to ride. In port, the sea rippled almost to the top of the gunwale, and all the probabilities were, that out in the swell, we should have to swim for it. Having given the owner an admonition for his thoughtlessness, we all returned to shore, and were soon again *en route* for Zidon.

The road or track from Tyre to Zidon was charming from the breeze, scenery, and beautiful flowers. It was near the sea, and yet sufficiently inland to see the flowers which carpeted the earth. There were also here and there hedges of oleander that bloomed in the fullest beauty, and

many other shrubs, whose name I did not learn.

On our way we passed near to Sarepta. It stands, or rather its site, is on the side of some mountains which slope down to the sea.

We were now crossing through the region of Tyre and Zidon, the district that bounded the *via sacra* of this world. To some point in this region our Lord ascended, and somewhere here met the Syrophœnician woman, whose faith He elicited, not as a matter of knowledge for Himself, but as a lesson to all posterity.

Zidon is nearly eight hours from Tyre, so that it was night when we entered. The whole region round it is garden ground, and the richness of the soil still attests her, as the rich and lovely sister of the more powerful Tyre.

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Although the pulse of life has almost ceased in what was formerly the scenes of active commerce, yet still in the sites they occupy along the coast, there exists a great capacity for good.

The Sultan will have to be a fearless reformer, enact good laws, encourage education, and a patriotic public spirit, all of which is sadly wanted.

At Zidon we were received at a convent, and enjoyed the comfort of clean rooms and good simple fare, courteously supplied. The following morning was spent in seeing the town, its bazaars, also a museum, which contained many interesting remains.

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## CHAPTER X.

It being Friday, and as I was anxious to reach Beyrout before the week closed, I decided upon leaving that day. A native boat was to sail about mid-day, and I arranged through the dragoman, with the owner, that I would sail in her.

For all animals I have an instinctive regard, but when in daily contact, regard is not a word sufficiently expressive for the intelligence and gratitude which they display. As a rule, animals best exemplify the expression, *en rapport*, which was the case with the horse that carried me from Jerusalem to Zidon. During my journey he was always my companion. At night, when I slept on the ground he was picketed

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near me, and at dawn saluted me with unmistakable expressions of joy. By day, when walking (for I always dismounted at the roughest part of my route) he would often close up with me and place his head on my shoulder or arm (on which the bridle was slung), which was his mode of telling me that the flies were tormenting him—switching them off being one of my occupations—mounted, his mode of complaining was to touch with his mouth either of my feet. Parting with him was the only moment of sadness I experienced, but his owner, who was also my muleteer, left my service for Damascus, and I the same day sailed for Beyrout.

May the 24th I embarked, and seating myself on the heap of corn, with which the boat was laden, in a few minutes the start



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is lovely. The Lebanon (which, without its lakes, is the Switzerland of Syria) there presents a grand mountain scene. Its effect on me was more striking from being sudden, for until we rounded a projecting headland of the shore (parallel with which we were sailing) the scene was secluded; but all at once we faced grandeur and power. Nature is there in her *ensemble*, as fertile as she is grand, and the fleets also of France and England, reposing side by side, became seen in a moment—the emblem, I hope, for ever, of union and loyalty to all the interests of the world.

It was her Majesty Queen Victoria's birthday, and the ships were dressed in their flags "like some fair virgin on her bridal day." Modestly, but boldly, in our little bark, we were borne on through the

was made. The breeze was blowing fresh from sea, and the small harbour, almost girt round with rocks (not only *dextrum sed lærum Scylla latus obsidet*), the great work was how to get out into the open sea. The two or three Turkish sailors contended most gallantly with the wind, but the implacable breeze drove us back again and again, grazing the rocks with such violence that I at once prepared for a swim, and had it not been for the skill and activity of the sailors, the boat would have been smashed. At last we were rewarded, and having had another shave of the rocks, out we flew, and keeping near to the shore we had a very pleasant sail to Beyrout.

We were between three and four hours sailing here. Entering Beyrout the view

work of good ; educating orphan children, tending the sick, and promoting to the utmost the cause of mercy and truth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,  
Hope their unfading flower ;  
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,  
The glory of their bower.

After visiting them, I went to the French camp, and called upon an officer of the artillery, whom I had the pleasure, with other French officers, of meeting at Jerusalem. He was very friendly, telling me all that pertained to the position of the French army, and going over with me, on a map of the Lebanon, all the places of interest. Among other characteristics of the camp, I was much struck by the good and simple taste of the officers and soldiers who converted into a garden every atom of space that they had unoccupied. On the tops of

houses, on window sills, by the side of guns or the munitions of war, pretty flowers and plants rose on all sides, seeming to declare that the French army were not there to crush.

Having seen Beyrout and its immediate neighbourhood, I decided upon starting the following day on a tour through a part of the Lebanon, also to cross over and visit the Antilebanon. I had just the inside of a week to spare (for the Austrian boat was to sail for Constantinople the 2nd of June), but with all the rapidity with which I generally move, I could not include Damascus, with Baalbec, and the Cedars of Solomon. I longed to see the most ancient recorded city in the world, yet having in India seen many ancient cities, (and Baalbec and the Cedars being in

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their attraction unique), I decided upon visiting the latter.

My Prussian and Danish friends had arrived at Beyrout, but they determined upon staying some days there before they would make an excursion. So having directed my dragoman to provide horses, a muleteer, and a mule, also a small store of provisions, we started Monday, May 27th.

Our road or track lay by the sea, the Lebanon, studded with villages and picturesque natural objects, rising grandly on our right. Not very far from Beyrout there is a river called the Dog river, where the fleets and shipping obtain most of their fresh water. It is a good pull across from their anchorage, and when the wind blows on shore it must be a task of difficulty.

Upon the occasion I passed it, an accident had occurred to one of the boats of the British fleet. It was large, and came for water, but when near, from some cause I did not learn, it sprang a leak, rapidly filled, and the sailors had all to swim to shore. When I rode up they were all there except a midshipman, who was in command, and stuck to his boat, which was almost full of water. Although, poor fellows, they had to spread their clothes on the sand to dry, they were as merry as schoolboys. The gallant boy, finding that he could not alter the condition of his boat, at last swam to shore. When a vessel of war, or even its launch is seen sailing, it would seem to a spectator as if Eolus might in vain enlist all the forces of the wind against them yet—

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The tender nautilus who steers his prow,  
The seaborne sailor of his shell canoe,  
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea  
Seems far less fragile, and yet more free.  
He, when the lightning-winged tornado's sweep,  
The surge is safe ; his port is in the deep,  
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,  
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

I was truly sorry for the accident that had occurred, but there had been no drowning, and I learned some days after, with pleasure, that none of the boat's crew were the worse for their dip.

After leaving the Dog river, we soon entered a more lonely track ; distant villages were visible in the mountains, but except a fisherman's hut now and then on the shore, there were no habitations. I remember passing by some rocks that jutted into the sea, and halting for a swim, and then on we went, uncertain where we could rest that night. At last, near sun-

set, we came upon a fisherman's hut, and decided upon camping there. I brought no tent or covering, except a cloak and a plaid, but the season was lovely, the days not too warm, and the nights warm enough.

The fisherman had a neighbouring family, and among them they made out for us some fresh eggs, and milk, also I hired the top of the hut, which generally was my saloon as well as bedroom. The lady of the house must have been tidy and refined, for there was a small rustic summer-house on the roof, where probably she sat during the heat of the day to watch her husband's departure, and to welcome his return.

Dinner has a grand sound, but my dinner was always very frugal ; and after a cigar, the soundest sleep that any person could

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have, such a mode of life agreed greatly with me, producing the highest order of health and cheerfulness ; indeed, what is called roughing it, has been always to me a source of enjoyment. As I was fond of having the bright stars in view, I insisted that the dragoman and muleteer should have the shelter of the summer-house which, after pressing it upon me, they accepted.

I was not conscious, when I waived its shelter in their favour, how frail it was, for in the middle of the night a squall blew freshly from sea, and down came the summer-house. The noise and *débris* of some of the branches having awoke me, I learned with satisfaction that the two occupants were just as snug under their misfortune as when the summer-house was up.

Any person who has travelled much, learns to waste no time, and make the best of whatever happens, so having congratulated my neighbours upon their happy condition, and wrapped my cloak and plaid more closely round me, I was soon again asleep.

At very early dawn we had breakfast; tea or coffee, some eggs and bread. Previously I had a dash into the sea, and then after breakfast quickly equipped myself.

Our line of travel still continued by the sea, and we passed through a little town where I bought some ancient copper coin, which bears all the stamp of the Roman period.

Soon after mid-day we arrived at the point where we were to leave the sea and enter the mountains for the Cedars.

There was a pretty gurgling stream and some houses which might be called a little town, and there we halted for what must be conventionally called dinner. I remember that as I sat by the stream, smoking my cigar, some children came and sat near me. They spoke French, having been taught by some monastic order, who were resident among them. They were Maronite children, and, after various village topics, they asked me whether I was a Christian. On telling them I was, I was asked to make the sign of the Cross.

I wish that I had known the following hymn, and been able in pure French to have repeated it in explanation of that sign.

In token that thou shalt not fear,  
Christ crucified to own,  
We print the Cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone,

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His name;  
We blazon here, upon thy front,  
His glory and His shame,

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully,  
Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,  
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high.

Then outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for His own,  
And may the brow that wears His Cross  
Hereafter share His Throne.

After resting an hour or so here we turned into the mountains, and entered upon scenes like those in Switzerland. Its resemblance to the land of the Swiss carried with it an extra gratification, for the Swiss are, in heart, a free, brave people, and always honest to their trust. At sunset we halted at a village, and one of the villagers received us at his house. There was a kind of verandah in front, which we

occupied, and it seemed to me as if the whole village turned out to see us. They paid me a formal visit, and sat in front, close to the verandah, several rows deep. I had quite a supper in public, and after our supper I commenced talking with them through the dragoman, and we all became very friendly. For a full couple of hours they remained, and then, with a kind good breeding (thinking that we required rest), rose *en masse* and dispersed.

May 29th we followed on to the Cedars. The road charming, a Swiss scene, waterfalls, streams, vale, and mountain, alternating each other. About two hours from the Cedars there is a small convent, occupied by three or four monastic brethren, which stands high on a ledge of the mountain like an eagle's nest. Approaching it,

the puzzle is how it is to be scaled, for it looks so perpendicularly placed above the vale. However zigzag, up there we got, and weré most cordially received by the Order. They had not for some time been invaded by European visitors, and we were welcomed in the spirit of an old friend who had returned.

Soon after our arrival one of the Order conducted me into their little chapel, and over the garden of their mountain retreat. The mountain frowned over it with impending masses, but during stormy nights it must act as a screen from the tempest.

All monastic orders are fond of horticulture, and here they had their little garden on a ledge of the rock. The padré who accompanied me told me that he had recently introduced the potato into the vale, which

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was very popular there, and in time would be a great boon to the Syrian people.

We remained promenading up and down the little space in front of the hospice enjoying the calm grandeur of the setting sun, the cooler evening air, and the pleasant homely sound from the valley below. After sunset we dined—the *padrés* all dining with me. It was quite a convivial meal, and they were all very glad to see us.

There is no mistaking the electric spark of kindness when people wish to be kind, and *vice versâ*. They were Italians, and as I was well acquainted with Italy, we had, among other subjects, their home, sweet home to talk of. When I retired to rest I had an extremely clean room, which in most parts of Europe is almost always

to be found; but when you travel in the Eastern regions, I am describing, you feel the truth of Mr. Wesley's aphorism, "that cleanliness is next to godliness."

An early breakfast the morning of the 30th, a very friendly good-bye, and then on to the Cedars. Our road or track at first was over very steep ground, and then we entered upon the changing dips and risings of the mountain. After about two hours we reached the high-lying valley, or basin, in which the cedars dwell. I think that there are between thirty and forty of them. They are not all of the same period, although all of the same race. Those that botanists ascribe to the same date as that of Solomon and Hiram are few in number, and the others cluster round them like the generations of a family. We remained

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there some time, as long as I could, for every person who has ever seen the cedars must have felt the solemn power of the scene, the wonder of their association; for they visibly connect you with the earliest eras, and perhaps this world's last days, having lived since this world was in its youth, and may probably survive to its close.

Having gathered a few cones from the most ancient cedars, we had to commence again our march. We soon came upon snow, which covered a part of the mountain, but not very deep. On we went, ascending the higher point of the road or track, which having reached, the range of the Antilebanon became at once seen, and the extensive plain which lies between the two ranges. Through a part of the descent

the snow continued, and then we entered a warmer zone, in which there was a belt of wood, and then the plain which would overflow with every kind of grain if properly cultured.

At a distance, dimly seen, lay Baalbec, immediately under the Antilebanon, and in about three hours we crossed the plain and entered it. Among the ideas which are instantly awakened, arises those which the disciples addressed to our Lord in reference to the temple; "See what manner of stones, and what buildings are here!" The magnitude of the stones, and the colossal grandeur of the Temple of the Sun, must amaze every traveller who goes there; although the mountain from whence the stones were hewn is quite close, still the wonder is, how they were moved

and lifted into position. In Europe there is no parallel to it, and although the architect and engineer of modern days can calculate the immense difficulty of the work, yet all must feel that it is a monument which surpasses the capability of this age. The recorded Archimedean powers may read like a fable, but whoever has seen the Baalbec stones and buildings can only, by believing in such power, account for their existence.

Gushing from the mountain, a clear sparkling stream flows close to the temple. It affords abundance of water to the people of the town, and refreshes the eye and ear to see and hear it.

Quite near to this stream and the temple I was lodged by a family who belonged to the Greek Church. I had a large room

with the window and door facing the temple. The window was open from top to bottom, and it produced a pleasing effect upon the temple, placing it, as it were, in a frame. The pleasant rippling sound of the river, or stream, was also in reach, like Mr. Tennyson's "Brook," constant in its flow, and heedless of the change around it.

The morning of the 31st I passed in the temple, and in seeing some fragments of scattered ruin. It is a sight so wonderful that the saying of "seeing is believing" most fitly applies to it. After loitering some hours in the temple I was obliged through the shortness of my time, to commence my return. I did not recross the Lebanon, but traversed the plain in the direction of the Damascus road. For

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many, many miles this rich plain spreads out thoroughly neglected, excepting by an occasional farm, which makes the neglect more marked.

Some hours from Baalbec the villages become more frequent, and, as I wanted to be in Beyrout as early as possible the next day in order to engage a berth in the steam-boat, we pushed on our march until about nine o'clock at night, when we halted at a village, and, having inquired who would receive us, we camped upon the roof of a house, where, considering the lateness of the hour, we were kindly received. The moon was to rise at two a.m., or a little after, and we arranged that we would rise and begin our march at that hour. Having partaken of a primitive supper, we were soon asleep, not knowing where we were

sleeping, except that it was the roof of a house.

With the moon we rose, and pushed on over a spur of the Lebanon, coming upon the Damascus road, which the French were making. Between six and seven a.m. we halted, and enjoyed our breakfast on the roadside.

About three hours after, we again halted, and entering a canteen attached to the French troops, who were on outpost duty, we had some claret, and a very friendly chat with the soldiers, one of them, evidently *bien élevé*, kindly asking me to accept an introduction to his brother, who was officially employed on the French side of Mont Cenis.

We reached Beyrout in about twelve hours, and at the Hotel Belle Vue I was



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welcomed back by my young friend who clung to his boat so bravely when it was sinking ; he was among the first to welcome me. I had a room allotted to me, which afforded a lovely view. It was through the kindness of an English merchant, to whom it belonged, and after my trip it was a bright souvenir to gaze upon the mountains which had been the scene of many pleasant hours.

Sunday, June 2nd, I attended the American chapel ; the service according to the form of the Church of Scotland. The chapel, or church, was well attended.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN the afternoon about five I embarked on board the Austrian boat. The boat was full, having between Alexandria and Beyrout got its complement of passengers. There were on board, my American friends, some other travellers whom I had the pleasure of meeting before, and I remember among the passengers was Mr. Sandwith (whose recent death I much regret). He was going home *via* Constantinople.

Sandwith was one of the brave, steadfast British officers who taught the people of Kars that when fortified by stout arms and brave hearts they could defend their town against the formidable army of

Russia. We all know with what success the Russian troops were repulsed, and what honour was accorded to the besieged by friends and foes.

We steamed along, the wind and waves in the best of humour with us. We first sailed for Cyprus, where we touched next morning, and remained some hours. I, like most of the passengers, landed, and enjoyed being on the shore of the beautiful and once well-cultivated island.

From Cyprus we went to Rhodes, where we arrived the morning of the 4th. Rhodes was once (as all know), the centre of the chivalry of Europe. There still exists a street in which was located the dwellings of many of the knights, and over the doorways there is still the marble shield upon which is sculptured their



which could be much increased. At Smyrna Polycarp, one of the first bishops of the Christian Church, was martyred.

From Smyrna we steamed to the Dardanelles, touching at Tenedos, and passed quite close to the plain of Troy. Several tumuli were easily seen, under which the Trojan and Greek warriors repose ; but I must not enter upon a description which requires—

The harp of Attic song  
That Homer's fingers thrilled along.

We were, however, very close, and saw plainly the battle-field, which cannot fail to interest every traveller as long as Homer's and Virgil's epic poems exist. All who have been privileged in youth to read the story of Troy must remember the admiration which almost all the chief



characters inspired, and the sorrow with which they read its fall.

The moral lessons that Homer and Virgil teach, have, I feel assured, an important influence in the formation of character. Wisdom as well as martial valour are brilliantly commended, and craft and baseness made much akin to contempt. It has been objected to in the moral government of this world that the disobedience of Adam and Eve was too trifling, and not commensurate with the terrible consequence entailed, but Homer and Virgil, were men, and heathen men. Visit the ruin of a nation as the result of sin and folly, and I must recall the possible happier end which Shakespeare suggested—

Had doating Priam checked his son's desire  
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.



Sunday, June 9th, we sailed through the Dardanelles. Some of my American friends being ministers of the Gospel, we asked them to depute one of their ministry to preach for us, which they most kindly did, and the Rev. Mr. Newman, of New York, was selected. His text was from the Epistle to the Romans, chapter i., verse 16—"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek." Mr. Newman expounded this grand avowal of St. Paul in language strong and luminous, and with a force of mind and heart worthy of the text.

The night of the 9th and morning of the 10th we steamed through the sea of Marmora, and a short time after break-

fast on the 10th we anchored before Constantinople.

The week I had spent was charming, all the places we had touched at were lovely and historical. The steamboat was a little world in itself—various nationalities were on board, and their different modes of life were to some extent exhibited. Among other passing expressions of life the hymns and national songs, which the female pilgrims (Russian) sang every morning and evening, were very pleasing. Half the deck was railed off for them, and morning and evening they sang with sweet melody their hymns and heart-touching national songs.

I lodged at Misseri's Hotel, where I had every comfort. I was, as every traveller must be, greatly impressed by the site of



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the city, the interior of which I first visited, and then a row in a caique, which skims the water like a swallow. The next novelty was the Sweet Waters of Europe, to which you are attracted by repute, as well as by its name. I had also a sail through the Constantinople straits to the mouth of the Black Sea, but as the beauty of the straits has been rendered familiar through the pencil of the artist, as well as by the pen, I need not mention more than the fact.

At Scutari, in the cemetery, many officers and soldiers are interred who died of their wounds received at Sebastopol. The cemetery occupies a lovely spot, and the graves are guarded and cared for by an English soldier and his family, who reside there. I crossed over to it alone, and visited every grave; among them was

the grave of a Russian officer. It was the only one in the cemetery, and what made it more lonely, his name was not known. There was inscribed on the cross, "A Russian Officer." Having paid the only respect I could pay to the memory of all who sleep there side by side, I returned to my hotel. Before I crossed I passed close to the immense barrack which was used as an hospital during the Crimean war. As I passed my guide said to me, pointing to a part of the building, "There is Miss Nightingale's room."

Mr. Burke thought that the age of chivalry was over, but had he lived till now, he would have added, that the age of heroines had begun. Through Miss Nightingale, her own personal work, and

the unselfish spirit she inspired at home and abroad, much life was saved, and much pain and sorrow assuaged. In the lovely poem "Santa Filomena," from the mind and heart of the poet laureate of America, Mr. Longfellow, he has beautifully rendered his homage to the enlightened and active goodness of Miss Nightingale.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of the meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus helps us in our daily needs ;  
And by their overflow,  
Raise us from what is low.

The wounded from the battle plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery,  
A lady with a lamp I see  
    Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
    And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
    Her shadow as it falls  
    Upon the darkening walls.

On England's annals through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
    That light its rays shall cast  
    From the portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
    A noble type of good,  
    Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
    The symbols that of yore  
    Saint Filomena bore.

I think that it was the evening of the  
12th that the French steamboat sailed  
(*via* Athens) for Sicily, and although I  
could have loitered much longer, and  
enjoyed the city of the Sultan, and  
skimming in a caique the Bosphorus and

adjacent water, yet, having arranged my time of return, I did not yield to the temptation to delay.

The morning of the 12th I made a grand tour of the city, which nature has endowed with the most splendid site. In that respect it is unequalled—its natural position, compared with that of other cities, being a stately throne. But to abate its accumulated misery, and that of the whole empire, occasioned by misgovernment, a radical reform is indispensable. I do not mean a turbulent revolution, but a reform that will not only correct surface abuses, but extirpate every root of corruption; without such a change being made it will be impossible for the Sultan and his Government to effect much good. What is principally wanted among the ruling

classes may be summed up in one word—integrity.

I believe that the Sultans of recent years have been disposed to be honest, but they have stood, and stand, in a similar position to a man who has inherited property overloaded with debt, and with all the creditors clamorous to be paid, not only every shilling in the pound, but to be paid at once. The difficulty is in no way connected with the character of the Sultan, but the accumulated rights and wrongs of the people—rights to be conceded, and wrongs to be redressed. There is only one remedy when such cases arise. That is to be just and have no fear, except the fear of being unjust. By leaning to the side of a free commerce, and making religion free, the Sultan has

given the best omen of a capacity to rule wisely, and a desire to rule well; but the ruling classes must assist him by integrity, and a patriotic spirit, or all the concessions made will become a sham, and his empire wrecked.

The Sultan has two forces in his empire, the Christian and the Mussulman. The Christian embrace the largest amount of intelligence and enterprise, and consequently almost all the commerce. Among the Mahomedan people, sometimes a very high order of intelligence is met with, but among the mass, there is much apathy and stagnation. This *visinertia*, with a national dislike to see the power they once wielded, as a dominant class, shared by the Christians, or, perhaps, passing to the largest extent into their hands, is the

chief difficulty. The Sultan, I believe, wishes to be impartial, and if he was a Christian prince, he would be regarded in Europe with the highest favour; but although professedly a Mahomedan prince, he must rule with a strong regard to the advanced opinions of his Christian subjects, who are in Europe the most numerous, and possessed of most wealth. The Sultan's course has been clearly marked out by the late King of Italy, who won all advanced reformers by convincing them that his view of national progress was (although consonant with the monarchy) more advanced than their own. This course requires courage and sense of the highest order—a strong faith in the wisdom of being just, also to believe that Heaven aids what Heaven commands.

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The evening of the 12th the French steamboat sailed from Constantinople. We had a lovely sunset, showing the same scene under a rich and more sombre light than that under which we had first seen it.

The Piræus was our first chief port, and I was delighted by even having a glance at it and Athens, for I was obliged, as the steamboat sailed again the same morning, to limit myself to a few hours. I keenly regretted that the arrangements I had made did not admit of my seeing the whole of Greece—a land to which the world is largely indebted; for we are all indebted to it, not only for its intellectual and artistic models, but also for its exact, comprehensive, and polished language, which was the chosen medium for making

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known the religion of Christ. When you stand amidst the ruins of Athens, you wonder how that little space could have so influenced the world. Its schools radiated their ideas through lands sufficiently civilised to receive them, but the sermon on Mars Hill did, and has done, more to elevate Greece by connecting her with the elevation of the world.

In Europe the banner of the Cross was first planted at Philippi, but the school which St. Paul founded at Athens must be regarded as the most liberal and exact in its definition of Christianity. It at first enrolled but a few, but both sexes gave their adherence to a truth which surpasses all that the philosophic schools could teach, and which has gladdened the world, as well as taught it.

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The Greeks sought after wisdom as an intellectual creation, not as it is revealed to us as the Almighty's direct free gift. Yet tested by their own standard of reason, what can, or could be more rational, than that whatever the soul or mind is capable of receiving and enjoying should flow from the source of its own being? Considering, however, that the Greek schools stood alone, without almost a ray of that light to which the present progress of the world is owing; when you see the little space that it occupied, you wonder at the vast and durable intellectual empire which it exercised, and which paved the way over the whole world for grander and more important truths. The school of Greek philosophy should ever be honoured, because, as a rule, they aspired to truth—



aspiring to it as the *summum bonum*, and seeking for it (to the extent of their light) by truthful means.

The whole Greek creation, philosophical and artistic, is a wonderful mental manifestation. They ascended, probably, as high as mind unenlightened by Divine truth could ascend, and they attained to an æsthetic excellence which has never been surpassed. Considering the relation in which Greece stands to modern civilization, the kindness with which some of the European Powers have aided the reconstruction of their kingdom, is much to their honour. The modern Greeks desire to be again a great nation. They are talented, active, and free from all bigotry upon the subject of education; also the many adverse social and political

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circumstances which they complained of as marring every national hope, they have not now to contend against. At least, they are free to reform as they please. I hope that the nation will exercise good sense, for it is with a people (as with a person), the power upon which the value of every other gift depends. It is also from the moral elements of a nation that power and wealth principally spring, and to whatever degree they may exist, such will be the extent of a nation's influence abroad, and its happiness at home.

I hope that modern Greece may not only be governed with, but display in its national action, sobriety and wisdom. It commences its new career with Europe in its favour, and it cannot fail, unless it fails in the qualities I have referred to. The



Greeks possess a strong natural aptitude for commerce, which always enlightens as well as enriches a nation.

My American friends left two of their party at Athens, who purposed making the tour of Greece. It would have given me pleasure to have joined them, but as I had arranged it was not possible for me to do so.

I rejoined the French steamboat, and had a happy sail on board until Sunday, the 16th, when we anchored before Messina. The first news I heard there, was with the most profound regret—the death of the late Count Cavour. Everybody appeared afflicted by it, and every tribute of regard was justly paid to his memory. A united Italy was the ambition of his life, but such a few years ago were the difficulties

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opposed, that few statesmen regarded it else than a beautiful dream.

Count Cavour was not a dreamer. He was a statesman of the highest school, and he had before his death the happiness of seeing Italy as one people, and under one crown, rejoicing in and not fearing the shadow of the throne. He was the advocate who awakened through Europe a belief in its value to peace, and also that it was the issue which would confer upon the Italian people the liberties which they have proved themselves so fitted to enjoy. King Victor Emmanuel possessed two qualities which developed the whole mind and heart of Italy. He was both honest and brave, and the whole Italian people believed in him, when he spake through his brilliant minister.

There was also one more whose patriotic character gave action to the aspirations of the nation, and intensified that action by his unselfish nature—General Garibaldi. It is impossible that so prominent and outspoken a leader should not have excited some bitter anger ; but the worst that can be said of him is, that his faults were an over-anxious desire for the happiness of his country. Also, I must remark, that through the new state of things a large amount of good has been conferred upon the Austrian empire. Had the Emperor of Austria won the battles of Magenta and Solferina, they would have been grave misfortunes to his empire. I believe that crossing the Alps was a most unfortunate step for Austria. It brought her in conflict with the whole

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Italian people, it was a perpetual source of bitterness and jealousy with France ; also the foreign policy of repression, which Austria was obliged to exercise in Italy, was most hurtful to her whole empire, for it obliged her to array herself against free opinions and those large measures of reform which the Austrian and Hungarian people required, and which now have strongly welded them into one empire. The Austrian monarchy is now a convert to free institutions and reform, and the more fearless the trust reposed in the people, the stronger will be its throne.

The British empire, scattered over the world is loyal, because the national policies and laws are for freedom and progress. When institutions are for the happiness of a nation, it is the happiness as well as

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I believe, fatal to its usefulness among millions who implicitly acknowledged its spiritual supremacy. As head of their Church Pio Nono was a most honest man, who thought that the secular power blended as it was with the Papacy he had no right to dissever. It was to him a sacred trust, which, before God, he considered himself bound to maintain.

The revolution cut the Gordian knot, centred all Italy in the crown, and by doing so, relieved the popes from what (to use the mildest phrase) was an embarrassment, which alienated millions from that respect and confidence which was not only becoming in the people to exhibit, but also its absence most disparaging to the Papal rank. I believe that the Roman Catholic Church has ever since been more



united, and its influence as a Church more potent. Among its members, the present political system in Italy has wisely made religion as free as the sunshine which gladdens and vivifies this earth. By doing so, it acknowledges Christianity as a house of many mansions, and tolerantly acquiesces in the Christianity of Saint Ambrose, "When He overcame the sharpness of death He opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

On the 17th I sailed from Messina for Genoa, touching at Naples, Civita Vecchia, and Leghorn.

The morning of the 21st I landed at Genoa, whose glory is to have been the cradle of men of the highest maritime genius, such as Columbus and Doria. The railway brought me to Turin in a

few hours. There I visited the Chamber of Deputies, and thought that their whole bearing and manner in debate was senatorial and dignified. I think that in the public character of Italy nothing is more remarkable than its wonderful aptitude to the senatorial requirements of a free people. Had they always enjoyed civil liberty, and freedom in religion, their senators and statesmen could not be more qualified for their duties than they are. Minerva-like they have sprung into being, and I hope that the mantle of Cavour will never be without a wearer.

It was a lovely summer evening when I approached Mount Cenis from Turin.

*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant  
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbra.*

But how changed is now the mountain



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journey. The steam engine, like an invincible conqueror (asserting the majesty of mind over matter) flashes through it, and aspires to include Great Britain as a portion of the Continent.

I must now conclude. I reached London in July, 1861, having so much enjoyed my tour that it remains traced on my memory in bright and living colours.

THE END.







